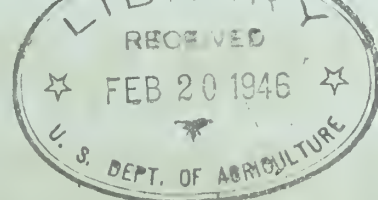
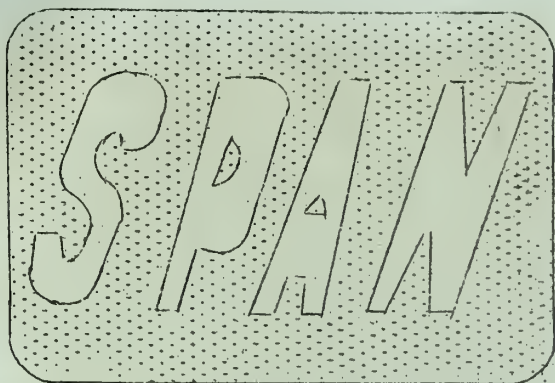


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MEN

SPORTS PATTTER AND NEWS

Volume 9, No. 90, December 7, 1944

(MEN - Cont'd)

Man is just a worm in the dust. He comes along, wiggles around for a while and finally some chicken gets him.

BIRTHDAYS---DEC. 10 THRU DEC.16

Bruce G. Bingham*; Minnie L. Claggett; Joseph M. Davis, Jr.*; Billy H. Dove; Beatrice E. Gregory; Henrietta D. Geyer; Virginia L. Harsha; Marces E. Hoverson; Agnes R. Johnson; Gertrude L. Mauthe; Gladys G. McConathy; Kin-sley McWhorter; Joseph E. O'Brien; Robert A. Stein; August Trumpelman; Ruth H. Pillep; Mildred Sipperly.

* Military Furlough

10 OR MORE YEARS GOV'T. SERVICE

Billy H. Dove, 11 yrs, 10 mos.
(8 yrs. 10 mos. in REA)

SIXTH WAR LOAN DRIVE

The latest figures indicate that REA has reached percent of its quota. Buy another bond. They make good Christmas presents.

OVERHEARD

Boss to new REA employee: You should have been here at 8:15.
New REA employee: Why? What happened?

NOTICE!

This will be the last issue of SPAN as we are also striking not IN sympathy but FOR sympathy - no one needs it more -

FOR SALE: 6 ft. General Electric Refrigerator - O. Briden, Ext. 348.

CHRISTMAS CARDS - Beautiful Assortment; Mrs. Mae Bowles, Room 641.

"Men" are what women marry. They have two hands, two feet (cold), and sometimes two wives-- but they never have more than one dollar or one idea at a time. Like Turkish cigarettes, they are all made of the same material--the only difference is some are better disguised than others.

Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes: Husbands, Bachelors, and Widowers. A Bachelor is an eligible man of obstinance, entirely surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are of three classes: Prizes, surprises and consolation prizes. Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest forms of plastic art known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, finesse, faith, hope and charity--most charity. It is a psychological marvel that a small, tender, soft, violet-scented thing like a woman should enjoy kissing a big, awkward, stuffy-skinned, tobacco and bay-rum smelling thing like a man. If you flatter a man, you frighten him to death; if you don't, you bore him to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end; if you don't, he gets tired of you in the beginning. If you believe in him, you cease to interest him. If you argue with him, you cease to charm him. If you believe in all he tells you, he thinks you are a fool; if you don't he thinks you are a cynic.

If you wear gay colors, rouge and startling hats, he hesitates to take you out, but if you wear a little brown beret and tailor made suits he takes you out and stares all evening at a woman in gay colors, rouge and a startling hat.

If you join in the gaities and approve of his drinking, he swears you are driving him to the devil. If you don't approve of his drinking and urge him to give up the gaities, he vows you are a snob and "too nice."

If you are the clinging vine type, he doubts whether you have a brain and if you are a modern, independent woman, he doubts whether you have a heart. If you are silly, he longs for a bright mate. If you are brilliant and intelligent, he longs for a playmate. (CONT'D. IN LEFT HAND COLUMN)

BOWLING STANDINGS AS OF DECEMBER 9, 1944

Team	Won	Lost	Percent	Average	High Game	High Set
Radars	19	8	.703	659	796	2324
Raters	18	9	.666	683	856	2365
Solicitors	17	10	.629	733	838	2390
Administrators	17	10	.629	714	809	2330
Ruralettes	15	12	.555	640	753	2034
Operators	14	13	.518	670	772	2215
Managettes	13	14	.481	626	699	2050
Kilo-Ettes	13	14	.481	624	776	2276
Five Dueces	12	15	.444	636	851	2245
Five Aces	11	16	.407	688	808	2225
Sweater Girls	7	20	.259	631	796	2237
Terry's Pirates	7	20	.259	605	770	2118

DIDJAKNOWTHAT

Anything can happen now and probably will for 'twould not be surprising if the State Department, the OWI, Supreme Command Headquarters or even Parliament took hand in investigating the literature which those two very proper and decorous maidens, F. Clausen and D. Wagner, have been sending overseas. From the last reports from the grapevine no less than 47 Censors have been knocked out with convulsions, to say nothing of those moments taken out for light reading on government time... But the damosels declare that they never read the book and only bought it upon the recommendation of one ED Speh and without the benefit of Rajah Gilmore's scrutiny and how should they know what it was all about - for that they deserve some sort of a decoration for naivete. And should anyone be in doubt as to what kind of a time they had at the last summer's picnic they have only to call on Joe Farmer who at long last has found time for a little home work and has developed the undisputable evidence that a good time was had by all - they'll slay you. There are those proud papas with their off-springs and the four o'clock bottle, other proud papas - period, the very weary gents who are used to a Sunday afternoon siesta running true to form and can be seen in all positions and stages of slumber, those more energetic boys hurling the balls, swinging the bats and sliding the bases like veterans of a major league, while last but by no means least are those beauties of the bath in swim suits which make one wonder what would happen if the water temperature suddenly rose to that of the weather. Hurrah, The Bigelow wasn't mislaid at all and informs us post haste that his silence is not because he no longer loves us but because the Pony Express has been snowed in for the winter 'though he has hopes of coming out of hibernation come the Christmas holidays and all he wants Santa to bring him is a nice negotiated construction contract for something under \$1000 per mile. This will add greatly to his prestige but meanwhile he is enjoying the reflected glory of a brother who made the grade at Aberdeen, Md. and is now Lt. Bigelow and a sister, Isabel of the Fins, who tripped to the altar down New Orleans way not so long ago. Despite the current manpower shortage, A. Harnett seems to be doing a right though 'tis feared that one of the late lamented is sitting up there on a fleecy white cloud, with his halo askew and his harp off the key, while he g-nashes his teeth at such goin's on and plans to record them right in that indelible ledger for future reference should A. try to blarney her way with that Cop of Coppers, the keeper of the Pearly Gates. While we struggle to light up rural America some of our urban associates must still don their habiliment for the day by the light of tapers. 'Tis not difficult to understand the entree of some with shoes that fail to match - or even without shoes at all - but when dignified Charlotte Cunningham, of the COD Cunninghams, appears at the office clothed in "sabot de chambre" 'tis quite evident that the situation is not well in hand but it may have been just her excitement upon receiving the news that son, L. Leroy, is now Lt. Commander Swan. Bigger and Better plans for another Christmas party. This time 'tis those promotional A&Lers and what lures, what lures - dinner

with Santa himself, dancing with Carol (but not La Landis we fear), mistletoe presents which is undoubtedly Le Wolf's contribution to the gayety while some of the more inhibited writhe in anguish, eggnog entertainment which seems a bit far fetched as everyone knows with enough of that one becomes the life of the party or wouldn't even recognize entertainment. And they want no gate crashing either for each little A&Ler may appear with one guest who also has to be duly certified to as being of the elite and they'll see that you get there, too, but they haven't explained how. HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE: The pretty new messenger on the 4th floor, Virginia Arnold, and the new coiffure which tied up most of the traffic along those corridors; R.D. Smith trying to swap two small ones for a large one - "drawers, desk"; Vera Staley cutting down on the lunches for streamlining purposes; Helen Schuh hoping that Santa turns up with a few hundred so she can fly west; Kay Hoffman and Marian Murray a couple of new recruits; Irene Lohman trying to convince everyone it was only apple juice which she was imbibing at K-naust's bar; Chris Schulz getting caught in the moving and then taking days and days and days of a.l. to recuperate; Mary Mason convinced she has the nicest boss in the world but Jack Taylor disagreeing with her and HOW when he was left high and dry in a roomette sans his r.r. tickets of which Ernie was the custodian and who decided that there was always another train and so wended his way homeward; Joyce Marie, a bundle of feminine loveliness, arriving at the Randy Leons on Dec. 2nd; "Fundamentalist" Eardley amongst those missing but found again reporting from Beaver Dam Lodge while the fishing calendar reports "favorable conditions" for that period; N. Mellett breakfasting with more gold braid, stars and epaulettes than is seldom seen except on a Flag Ship or a Bond Drive - Ship Ahoy! AND DID YOU BUY YOUR BOND ON THE SIXTH WAR BOND DRIVE! C. Blickley whose theme song is "Ain't I Ever Go'in' To Get A Gal In My Arms" almost got his wish when last seen floating along the 4th floor corridor.

SPAN is published by the REA Athletic Association for employees of REA; F. Speh, Editor, S. Norton, Associate Editor; Signed contributions are welcome and should be sent to F. Speh, Room 1050.

B O W L I N G (C O N T I D)

MEN

High Average	-	Bullock,	163
High Game	-	O'Reilly,	223
High Set	-	Pearson,	546

WOMEN

High Average	-	Kallemeier,	152
High Game	-	Goergens,	209
High Set	-	Kallemeier,	505